

Goodbye, Lawrence

by Mel

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GOODBYE, LAWRENCE By Mel Disclaimer - not mine, just borrowing, not making a profit, please don't sue. Rated PG-13 for violence and child abuse

This is my first fanfic ever, so please let me know what you think of it!! If anybody want to archive this, that's fine as long as you email me and tell me where it's going to be and make sure my name is on it!!

My story has to be told. Maybe I'll go to prison for the rest of my life, who knows? I admit it, I did a horrible thing. But everybody does something horrible in their life, so that doesn't make me unique. As I sit in this jail cell I wonder who to blame, but my mind comes up with nobody.

I murdered my father. I shot him in the head with a 35-mm semi-automatic pistol. But he deserved it. That poor bathetic bastard deserved it. I'm not crazy, insane, or psychotic. I was in my right mind when I pulled the trigger and I'm in my right mind now. The media's having a field day. I know the UEO's trying to cover it up some. It makes no difference to me.

At first I had lots of visitors, Tony, Loni, Tim, the captain. All of them sure it was a mistake, sure that I could never do that. I wouldn't, couldn't lie to them. The looks on their faces when I told them that yes, I had killed my father were so disbelieving that it broke my heart. Captain Bridger left right after I confirmed what they had heard. He used to believe in me, trust me, and love me. I don't think he does now that he knows what a horrible person I am. He

doesn't know the whole story, the story of my past, though. I killed my father for reason.

It started when I was eight. My parents weren't around much, but when they were, I made myself scarce. When they were together they would scream and yell at each other. I hated listening to them argue. I asked my father why he and mom yelled all the time. Bad mistake. He hit me across the face. Hard. That was the beginning.

I don't think that any part of my body hasn't been bruised or scarred. My father believed in discipline, and discipline would be achieved or I'd face the consequences.

My mother knew about the beatings. She encouraged them. I had always been small for my age, frail even. She thought it would toughen me up and make me a man. She would call me names, slap me around, and she encouraged my father to do the same. I think that was one of the two things she and my father agreed on. The other thing was the divorce they had when I was ten.

My mother had custody of me at first. That was a living nightmare. She couldn't deal with being alone, so she turned to alcohol. She was violent when she was sober, but when she had been drinking she got psychotically violent. Our neighbors called social services after they saw her throw me down our front steps.

My father got custody of me. When I first found out that I was going to be living with him, I thought that it would be okay. Nothing could be as bad as living with my mother. I soon found out that I was wrong.

The first day I was with him, he screamed at me for "wrecking my mother's life" and told me that I was a worthless piece of shit. I could handle the name-calling, the verbal abuse, but then he started towards me, mumbling about how he was going to make me pay for being such a brat. Unfortunately, he spotted a baseball bat in the corner of the room, and I found out what baseballs go through when they are hit. He left for a business trip the next day, and I was taken care of by the hired help.

And so I lived through the next five years of my life being beaten by my father. Being put on seaQuest was the best thing that had ever happened to me. I was finally free of my father. For a while.

He asked for my presence at a conference he was attending and Captain Bridger told him that I would be there. I couldn't come up with a reason not to go, so I went with the intention of only staying for the conference and then coming right back to where the seaQuest was docked.

I never got the chance to come right back. Apparently my father had to teach me a few lessons that he hadn't gotten around to before I left for the seaQuest. Right after the conference he dragged me upstairs to his hotel room, where he beat me with his belt and punched me in the face numerous times. All the while he yelled at me, called me names, and screamed that he wished I had never been born. I finally managed to get to the door and I ran away from that hell, tears streaming down my cheeks.

I ran all the way back to the seaQuest, where I snuck on board so no

one would see my bruised and tear-stained face. It was late, so not many people were around. When I got to the quarters I shared with Tony, I climbed to my bunk, facing Darwin's tube so if Tony came in he wouldn't see my face.

Tony came in about eleven thirty and went to bed. I waited until twelve thirty before I would let myself cry. Tony wasn't asleep though.

I think he knew what had happened when he saw my bruised face. He climbed up on the bunk with me and held me while I cried. He told me that it was going to be okay and that he would always be there for me. I finally fell asleep.

When I woke up it was about three in the morning. Tony had gone back to his bunk and was snoring softly. I crept out of bed, knowing what I had to do.

I left the seaQuest and went to my father's hotel room. He was sleeping on the bed. I went over to his luggage, where I knew he kept a gun. I slowly opened his bag and removed the gun. After making sure it was loaded, I aimed it at him, whispered, "Goodbye, Lawrence", and pulled the trigger once, twice, three times. I set the gun on the edge of the bed and quickly left.

I was picked up the next morning by the police, who had taken fingerprints from the gun. I couldn't believe how stupid I had been to leave the gun there, but I wasn't thinking about not getting caught, I was thinking about finally being rid of my father. I figured I had no choice but to confess.

I told the police my story of abuse, and my attorney said he'd do the best he could. I just wanted my life back. I used the battered child syndrome in my defense. Tomorrow the jury is to report their decision.

The next day:

It had taken the jury two days to decide. I was convicted of involuntary manslaughter. When the conviction was handed down, I thought to myself, this is it. It's over, and I have completely screwed up my life for good now. I was in for a major shock when the judge told me my sentence.

Two years probation. That was it. Two years probation and I had to do some extensive counseling and therapy. I couldn't believe it. I had thought my life was over, but I was wrong.

Everyone on the seaQuest was glad I was back. They had been watching the trial, and they now knew of the abuse I had suffered at my father's hands. I thought it would change their opinions of me, but they treated me the same. Of all the counselors I had to see, the most therapeutic of them all were the unofficial counseling I got from Tony. I was really going to be okay.

Life went on, and the world had one less fewer child abusing bastards.

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Hope you all liked it. Please please please send feedback!!! The good stuff, the bad stuff, hated it, liked it, tell me what you thought!! Also, is that rating all right? -Mel

End
file.